

SOCIETY PERSONAL PEOPLE INTERESTING EVENTS

By CELIA MYROVER ROBINSON

THE INNER CHAPEL.

Within your heart erect
A little chapel gray.
Wherein a while apart
From turmoil of the day,
Your heart can find the peace
That comes to those who pray.

There for a little while
In quiet rest;
Think not of toil and care,
Of fruitless quest;
Within the voiceless hush
Your heart will feel
A calm like mother arms
About you steal.

So build within your heart
A little chapel gray.
Where you may go apart
From din and fret of day,
Where peace will fold you round,
And burdens slip away.
—Arthur Wallace Peach.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERTS VISITING DAUGHTER.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Roberts of Montgomery are visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Butt, at their home on North Hill.

TO MAKE THEIR HOME HERE.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Edward Coney of Savannah, Ga., are now making their home in Pensacola and will go to housekeeping shortly at 115 West Strong street. Mr. Coney is manager of the Antwerp Naval Stores Company.

DORCAS SOCIETY TO MEET TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The Dorcas Society of the Knox Presbyterian church will hold their regular weekly meeting with Mrs. W. F. Green Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all members of the church to attend this meeting as special business matters will be discussed.

TO SPEND WEEK-END AT SEMINOLE.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hervey and Miss Fan Warren motored over to Seminole, Ala., on Perdido bay Saturday to spend the week-end as the guests of Mr. Cole.

IMPORTANT MEETING LADIES OF CHRIST CHURCH.

There will be a very important meeting of the ladies of Christ church at the parish house Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. All members are urged to attend.

MEETING OF CAMP FIRE GIRLS.

Miss Daisy Spencer requests that the Camp Fire Girls meet at her house, 212 West Gregory street, directly after school Tuesday afternoon. This is a very important meeting and all girls who were present at the last meeting, as well as those who did not attend, are urged to be present at this meeting.

MOTHERS' AND TEACHERS' LEAGUE TO MEET.

The Mothers' and Teachers' League of School No. 41 will hold its regular monthly meeting Wednesday, October 15, at 3 o'clock. Every mother of school No. 41 should be present.

MISS MOSELEY LEAVES FOR VIRGINIA.

Miss Sue Mosley leaves today for Richmond, Va., to join her sister, Mrs. John A. Brodnham. Mrs. Brodnham and her son, John, and Miss Mosley will make their home in Richmond in the future.

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This pretty dress consists of a blouse in magenta colored chiffon and a skirt of silk poplin in the same shade. The blouse is surplice and gathered to shoulder sections of poplin, which are trimmed with buttons. The three-quarter length sleeves are finished with cuffs of poplin. The skirt is caught up beneath a button-trimmed section of the left side which laps the front.

MR. KELLY OF MOBILE IS IMPROVING.

Mr. William H. Kelly of Mobile, who has been very ill at the Inge-Bondurant infirmary, is improving. Mr. Kelly is the father of Mrs. William E. Wright of this city and of Miss Essie Kelly of Mobile. Miss Kelly was called home last week on account of her father's illness.

REGRETTED ILLNESS OF MISS MARION BAKER.

The many friends of Miss Marion Baker will regret to learn that she is ill with typhoid fever at the family residence on North Hill.

VISITING MR. AND MRS. LOWE IN MONTGOMERY.

Mrs. Walker Willis and children are visiting Mrs. Willis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, in Montgomery. During their absence Mrs. Lewis Willis is keeping house for her son.

CAXTONS TO MEET MONDAY AFTERNOON.

The Caxtons will meet Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock with Mrs. W. F. Green at 1408 East Eleventh street. They will continue to study of Hamlet, taking up the second and third acts.

New Wedding

China, Silver

and Cut Glass

We are pleased to announce the arrival of an elegant new line of English China (Coalport and Royal Worcester) high-grade Cut Glass, and Sterling Silver, which will aid you in selecting gifts for October and November weddings.

You are invited to make an early selection.

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If you care for heavy hair, that gleams with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

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If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now? (adv)

A BORROWED LOVER

Celia Myrover Robinson

"I beg your pardon—but would you mind making love to me for a little while?"

Frere turned swiftly and faced her, lovely, gracious, debonaire. Clad in misty white, with a big pink rose in her hand, to him she had never seemed so beautiful.

One glance into her dimpling face and then he bowed low.

"I should just love to," he said.

"Thank you so much." She was very grave. "Perhaps we had better sit over here."

She led the way to where a spreading tree-form lifted deep green fronds, screening but not concealing a row of arum lilies.

"I love this conservatory—don't you?" she asked, as she swept her long trailing skirts aside, and rested against the back of the hickory bench.

"It is nice," he admitted.

Her face dimpled.

"And I love lilies—don't you?"

"They are sweet."

Her eyes narrowed, and she glanced from under long-drooping lids.

"And I adore a—pink rose."

She lifted the beautiful, scented rose and buried her face in its fragrance.

He was silent.

She raised her head and laughed deliciously.

"Frere—Frere! What an inapt pupil you are! Here I've given you three leads, and you haven't taken your cue at all."

"I beg your pardon! Were they leads? To tell you the truth I was thinking of something else."

"Thinking of something else. Why?"

"I was thinking about you."

"Ah, that is better! Now you are coming on!"

"I was wondering what in the nation you wanted me to make love to you for."

She threw out her hands in despair, with a tragic move.

"That is not the way to talk, Frere."

When a young and beautiful woman comes to you and asks to be made love to, you should never ask questions. You should just break your neck getting down on your knees to her—metaphorically, of course, as this cement floor is cold, I suspect."

"But I never get on my knees to anybody. If I want anything I go and take it."

"Why, Frere—"

His white face and tense tone had startled her.

"That is, I take it if I think it belongs to me, but I never cry for the moon, and I never ask for it."

"But if you should go out into the garden some night and see a beautiful, sweet moon-flower growing on a vine, just over your head wouldn't you pick it?"

"Not if it was some one's else moon-flower."

"But suppose it wasn't? Suppose it didn't belong to anyone?"

"Even then it might not belong to me."

"But it might, Frere." She was speaking very softly, and her eyes were bent upon the rose.

"Look here, Gladys, what are you up to?" Frere's tone sounded savage.

"Sh—sh!" she whispered. "Here he comes!"

"Who comes? What the deuce—"

"Sh—sh! Don't swear at me, for pity's sake. Look at me—lean over, just as if you loved me to desperation. Oh, Frere, look it, even if you don't mean it!"

"What in the name of common sense—"

But she was leaning towards him, with misty eyes raised to his.

"Smile, Frere! Do smile!" And Frere smiled, and then turned to see who had entered the conservatory. But he was too late. A tall figure was just disappearing from view.

She leaned back, with a sigh of relief.

"Well, that's over!" she said.

"Well, I should hope it was over. You must have made me appear like a fool."

"No! You looked splendid, Frere. You are lovely when you smile. And he couldn't possibly have heard you swear at me. I'm so much obliged to you."

She was rising and shaking out her dress.

He caught her hand and pulled her back upon the hickory bench. His face was white and angry.

"By heaven! Gladys, if you think you can make sport of me—"

"Fie! Fie! To swear twice at a lady! Why, Frere!"

"I'd like to shake you good. Was that Merriam?"

"That was Merriam. The Honorable Richard Merriam! The rich Mr. Merriam! The owner of houses and lands and millions and conceit. Oh, how that man bores me! I'm so tired of hearing about his yachts and his motors and his millions."

"Why do you listen, then?"

"I'm not deaf, am I?"

"You needn't encourage him."

"I don't think he found much encouragement in that last picture I showed him—do you?"

"And so that was your reason for playing with fire?"

"Playing with fire? That wasn't fire. Frere. That was nice, cold ice, with just a few fireworks set off to make the air blue—don't you ever swear at me again, sir."

He sat in angry silence, and she watched him for a still two minutes.

"Frere," she said, at the end of that period, "you are certainly a miserable lover. You ought to get a book and learn."

"I don't want to learn."

"But if you are going to play the game at all you ought to play by the rules."

"I never go by rules and I never play games. But if I should I should play to win."

"I should think it would be easy for you to win, Frere. You are so strong."

"I should think a big man like you could pick up a little man like—like Merriam, for instance, and set him out of the way, without the quiver of an eye."

"Strength isn't everything. There are many things that count above it."

"Not with a woman, Frere. Do you know, I think women are getting more sense than they used to have? I believe they are beginning to find out that motors and millions don't weigh so very much, against strength and honor. At least, I think I have learned it, Frere."

"Gladys, why did you come here to torture me tonight? Didn't you see that I was just getting to the point where I could live my life and go my way?"

"I think that is why I came, Frere."

"You want to keep me dangling?" He spoke bitterly.

"No, I—I wanted to land you, Frere!"

She was laughing at him, out of misty eyes. "I have been fishing for you such a long time."

"Gladys!"

"It is the truth, blind bat!"

"Oh, I know. I didn't show it. What did you expect me to do? To ask you to marry me? Well, I have."

"I never dreamed—"

"No, I suppose not. You never dreamed I had sense enough to appreciate a man instead of a million. Well, I hope I have some sense of values."

A half hour later, after the pink rose had been crushed, and the blond hair was not quite as smooth nor the eyes quite as cool and calm, Frere suddenly turned to her.

"What I want to know is why—"

"Don't ask questions, silly boy. It isn't good manners."

Then she kissed him and leaning against his broad shoulders, she whispered: "I will tell you, anyhow. I was just determined you should ask me to marry you. And I was so tired of Merriam and his fortune and popularity. I knew he was going to propose to me. He does, every fortnight. So I thought I would show him, since he wouldn't believe without ocular demonstration, that there was someone in the world besides him. And I'm so glad I did, Frere—I'm so glad I did!"

You Should Make It a Point

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SOCIETY

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